

Shattering An Idol

Until Schlitz adopted the Brown Bottle, the American public drank light beer, not realizing the danger of its becoming skunk and impure.

Schlitz has shown the public the way. The Brown Bottle is the only true defense of beer purity.

The Brown Bottle is the Best Known Container for Beer

—recognized even by the light bottle brewers, who continue to follow the lines of least resistance, not realizing the inevitable elimination of the light bottle. Beer is saccharine, and the slightest taint ruins its healthfulness.

Schlitz in Brown Bottles is pure and wholesome—no better beer brewed, and it costs no more than light bottle beer.

See that crown is branded "Schlitz"

Frank Chylek
Corpus Christi, Tex.

Schlitz The Beer at Made Milwaukee Famous.

YORK.—Through the activities of Caroline Hiltz, Commissioner of the restoration of the long winter of the past, the American Beer and Ale Association has been established and accepted. Dr. Davis, president of the association, has made his first report to the members of the association, and the results of his report have been adopted. Dr. Davis has been elected president of the association, and the new president will be elected at the annual meeting in October.

—The building, which was showing their winter modes in military fashion, has been closed down to simple and inexpensive. The Americans, who are already struck America, is the type of military

Kathlyn Williams' Experiences In a Desert Sand Storm and How She Learned to Ride a Camel

By KATHLYN WILLIAMS.

I am very glad to write about my adventures and experiences while out in the California Desert, working in the production of the new Being Pictures—"The Carpet From Bagdad."

Of course, I am accustomed to all sorts of strange and unusual conditions which I find necessary in the course of my work, but I do want to say that my experiences in the California Desert was one of the wildest and weirdest I ever endured.

You who have read the novel of Harold MacGrath, will recall that the principal scenes in "The Carpet From Bagdad" are laid in the great Arabian Desert, and some of the principal characters are Arabs, or Mr. Collis Campbell, in making his arrangements for appropriate properties, brought a lot of real and most interesting Arabian trappings, including those wonderfully striped tents, beds, and ladies of beautiful robes, camel harnesses, those peculiar Arab girls so beautifully dressed with mother-of-pearl and studded with jewels, great water-jars, etc. The garments made in Arabia especially for those who were to participate in "The Carpet From Bagdad" were supplied in ample quantities, so that we could look the part and be presented to the world as the genuine article.

From the big Bell Jungle-Zoo out at Eastlake, in Los Angeles, Mr. Campbell made a regulation for about twenty camels. You can just imagine a man writing a regulation on a slip of paper just as though it were for twenty papers or picks, or twenty articles of any kind. These camels

instructions were given that no trunks or clothing, except that suitable for the pictures, were to be taken along. No one was permitted to carry any excess baggage. In fact, all members of the company except those of us who took the part of Europeans, were instructed to take along nothing except the Arabian garments in order that they might learn to wear them in a natural way and more effectively portray the part. Of course, I kept my part throughout as a European girl, while Miss Eugenie Besserer, who played the part of my mother, also took the part throughout of a European.

Arabian Nights Tale.

It looked like a tale of Arabian Nights, when our caravan started across the desert. The piercing rays of the sun beat upon us without mercy as the day was hot, but we all enveloped our heads and faces to the voluminous folds of Arabic cloths, so that the setting and dust did not bother us as much as we expected.

Following behind the strictly oriental caravan came the up-to-date American party, consisting of huge wagons, many of which bore enormous tanks containing thousands of gallons of water. This was a special provision made at the instructions of Mr. Bell and for which we were all grateful to have another day had passed. These enormous wagons were hauled by a number of pairs of horses—sixteen or twenty—I do not remember which. They were equipped with broad tires so that the wheels did not sink deeply into the sand. They were especially constructed for use on the desert. Behind the big tank wagons came other wagons loaded with tents, provisions, cooking utensils and the entire camp outfit.

Through the thoughtfulness of Mr. Bell our provisions were not limited to necessities. There were quantities additions to the ordinary larder, and there was one huge wagon loaded with tea. When we camped for the night

there was a great hustling and busting about. The camels were ordered to kneel and Arab riders and drivers buried themselves underneath the folds of their capacious burnouses, so that the sand could cover them completely without injury.

Storm Approaches.

Those of us in the automobiles budded in our seats and were covered with large cloths which completely enveloped machine and occupant. They did not cover us up until the last minute, so that we could see the storm approaching. We could see pillars of whirling and twisting sand, each surrounded by a cloud of dust through which the sun shot its rays making various tint all of which were sad and lifeless. It is really a difficult thing, I suppose, to get much beauty out of a dust cloud. The storm swept nearer and nearer. The camels grumbled but laid their long necks straight on the ground ready to meet the storm.

As soon as the dust began to settle about us, we were enveloped in the huge cloths covering the automobile, and we remained under cover until the storm had swept past. Luckily, it was not a severe storm. It lasted only about ten minutes, and we could see it swirling and twisting in the distance as it passed on over the desert.

One of the parts role here and

the caravan and they brought back our inspection these ugly little horned toads, an amazing collection of lizards, while they reported the conquest of several rattlesnakes.

We passed an old miner—a typical queer, dressed in a gray woolen shirt, corduroy trousers and long heavy boots. He was camped by the roadside, his only companion being a tiny burro, dressed in an enormous pack saddle. The old man had his pick and shovel and goldpan strapped to the pack saddle and evidently had hopes of finding some place to use them. Our party greeted him jovially and wished him good luck, but he sat by his little camp fire unmoved and with no more expression on his features than his companion, the burro.

In the desert, one day is just about the same as another day, while the nights offer no change from the moonlight. Of course, we had a big tent which we used as a drawing room and there in the evening, we sat about with music sometimes, giving a bridge party, and enjoying ourselves in various ways. Several in the party had good voices, so we had some singing of excellent quality.

One thing we were always afraid about, was to make a thorough examination of our bedding before retiring for the night. More than one member of the party gave vent to ejaculations of horror upon the discovery of a scorpion or centipede, which evidently thought the bed had been especially prepared for his comfort.

Day by day the picture making went on. There was mad riding on horseback and camelback. There was shooting, and I will never forget the day of the fierce combat which was so realistic that we all shuddered, and felt that we had witnessed a tragedy, indeed. Of course, during the action of the place, other fights were pictured, but the big fight in the desert, is surely one that will fascinate everyone who sees the picture.

One particular thing about our desert journey, at least the fact was peculiar to us, occurred when we were taking a bath in the cooling breeze created by electric fans which were run by small motors attached to storage batteries. I suppose if some old Arab sheik had come to us with the expectation of finding a real desert camp, he would have stumbled in on us with the expectation of finding a real desert camp. He would have been shocked and horrified to find how comfortable and pleasant a desert camp can be made with the use of modern appliances and conveniences.

The next morning I was invited to ride one of the camels. I proceeded to do this, and it was not my first experience, but a short session was amply sufficient. I was very glad to get back into our big, roomy automobile and give somebody else the privilege of riding the ungainly brute that plunged and shook, so that it was no sinecure to remain on his back.

Life in the desert does not amount to much. Occasionally one of the men would dash off to one side of a road and shoot the head off a rattlesnake. At various points along the silent trail were the bleaching bones of oxen, horses, burros and other animals. They explained to me that the bones of human beings who had died on the trail had been given burial. That was the reason we did not see any human skeletons; but we were told that many persons had met their death along the gruesome desert paths.

It was in the afternoon of the second day that the guides leading the caravan dashed back along the line of camels, automobiles and wagons and announced that a sand-storm was approaching, and that we should get everything in readiness for it. Then



Photo by J. C. Smith

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It was in the afternoon of the second day that the guides leading the caravan dashed back along the line of camels, automobiles and wagons and announced that a sand-storm was approaching, and that we should get everything in readiness for it. Then



Our tents were pitched on a small oasis where there was a spring of brackish water.

Some pictures were taken at our first camp to be used in the production, but everybody was glad to keep aside the tents and beds in the cooling breeze created by electric fans which were run by small motors attached to storage batteries. I suppose if some old Arab sheik had come to us with the expectation of finding a real desert camp, he would have stumbled in on us with the expectation of finding a real desert camp. He would have been shocked and horrified to find how comfortable and pleasant a desert camp can be made with the use of modern appliances and conveniences.

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we moved out into the desert with our camels completely equipped, as though we were going to cross a real desert in earnest. There were the strings of camels with their long serape-like bodies decorated with tinkling bells and made gay by strips and streamers of gay colored cloths. We had real Arabs to handle the camels and those who rode on horseback had genuine Arab horses of the very finest blood.

This was really a business trip and

the Minnesota speedway is readying its Grandstand and lights for the 500-mile race on Sept. 4.

George Tucker of Boston has held out a big offer to Frank Gatch to meet the best American contenders for the wrestling title.

The war and tea

To quench the thirst of millions, every Army has chosen Tea—they are drinking millions of gallons of this refreshing and invigorating beverage from India and Ceylon. It's a lesson in economy as well. You get four cups for a cent when you use

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are held in Durgin Building (opposite Nueces Hotel) Sundays at 11:00 a. m. and Wednesdays at 8:00 p. m. Sunday School for children under twenty years of age convenes at 9:30 a. m.

Reading room where all Christian Science literature may be read or purchased is open week days from 12:00 m. to 5:00 p. m. The Public is cordially invited to All Services and to Reading Room

HUMAN INTEREST STORIES OF THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR

BERLIC, Aug. 4.—(Correspondence of the Associated Press)—Twenty million pounds of tea, about one-fourth of the bonds' warehouse stock in the United Kingdom, is stored in the Port of London's Outer street warehouse, awaiting the orders of the War Office. It is intended for the supply of the British forces at home and abroad. The bulk of it has come from India and Ceylon.

About twice a week orders are received for the dispatch of certain specified quantities according to an approved sample compiled by the War Office. Fifty thousand pounds is about the usual size of the order.

As soon as the order is received, the warehouse officials analyze the samples and prepare instructions as to the particular classes and quantities which must be blended to produce the required bulk. "Bags are opened by the hundred and their contents are heaped together until the observer sees before him a veritable mountain of tea. While men known as blenders continue to add to the heap, other employees with wooden shovels are set to work blending the tea. Fifteen or twenty men are engaged in the work which requires considerable skill. The thoroughness with which the blending is done is unexcelled by expert bakers."

The tea is put up in bags generally containing 15 pounds each, and two of these bags are put into a wooden chest.

ELBERFELD, East Prussia, Aug. 4.—To aid stricken East Prussia to reconstruct and rehabilitate itself and recover from the effects of two Russian invasions, representatives of the municipalities in the general district of Elberfeld, at a recent meeting, agreed to divide up the district equally and assess each division proportionately to take over the sponsorship of some given part of East Prussia.